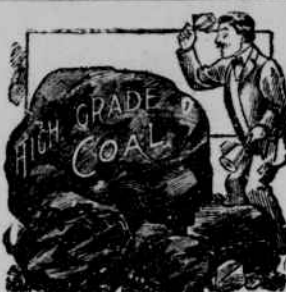


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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

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1 cord Pine Wood \$1.75
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No Extra Charge for Splitting.
All coal well screened and kept under sheds, both wood and coal being delivered perfectly dry.

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Sole agents for Hard Wood
Charcoal and Otto Coke. Your patronage solicited.

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A Pleasant Surprise

That's what you've got coming when you get your first month's gas bill for cooking and lighting.

We venture the opinion that it will not be one-half as large as you expected it would be.

If you think that gas is too expensive for you to use for cooking why not satisfy yourself on that point?

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It will be done perfectly and satisfactorily. We are equipped to clean anything.

Men's vests of flannel, pique or silk, are made to look like new. And we also make a specialty of Ladies' fancy summer waists.

ALSO GENTS

We make a specialty of laundering shirts, collars and cuffs, we do the soft domestic finish, the finish that well dressed men desire.

WARWICK STEAM LAUNDRY
MODERN MODEL
UP-TO-DATE

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119 24th St., Newport News, Va.

UNCLE SAM TAKES HAND IN COTTON POOL

Big Financiers Must Answer Inquiry Into the Gigantic Bull Movement.

(By Associated Press.)
NEW YORK, April 18.—There will be started in New York tomorrow a federal investigation without precedent in this country. The attorney general of the United States has ordered an inquiry into the gigantic bull movement in cotton with the names of James Patton, of Chicago; Frank B. Hayne; William P. Brown, of New Orleans, and Eugene Scates, of Texas, have been popularly connected.

Hayne and Brown both appear as defendants in the proceedings, but it could not be learned whether Mr. Patton would be subpoenaed at Chicago to come here and testify.

He is credited with the financial genius of the pool and in recent interviews he has outlined his bullish position and his determination to file the supposed bear clique which has been reaping cotton to this country from England in an endeavor to break the market. The bull movement has reached such a stage, however, that there are rumors of a possible May corner in the New York market. Never before has the government brought similar action against any pool operating in the market on either the long or the short side. Subpoenas were issued at the direction of Mr. Wickesham, commanding a dozen or more prominent New York cotton brokers to appear before a special federal grand jury tomorrow to testify in the matter of the "United States against Frank B. Hayne and William P. Brown."

TO REBUILD COLLEGE.

Richmond Medical Institution Will Continue Its Identity.

RICHMOND, VA., April 18.—Unbounded enthusiasm prevailed among the 220 or more students of the University College of Medicine this morning at 11 o'clock, when Dr. Stuart McGuire addressed the young men and told them of the future plans of the institution.

When the wooden sign which had hung over the old building that perished in the flames was brought in, the delight of the students took the form of a yell which could be heard far and wide.

Dr. McGuire informed his hearers that the school, despite the devastating effect of the blaze of January 6, was to continue its identity and that steps would at once be taken to rebuild.

He stated that the building committee will immediately go to Boston and Philadelphia where it will inspect the plans of the best medical schools in the country and borrow such ideas as are worth following.

Force of Habit.

"Seeing that you divorced him, would it not be more proper to refer to him as your former husband rather than as your late husband?"
"I suppose it would, but I got so used to having to refer to him as my late husband while we were married, that I don't seem to be able to break myself of the habit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Same Way.

Mrs. Kicker—If you are going to another one of those languets I don't suppose you will know the number of the house when you get back.

Mr. Kicker—Oh, yes, I will. I unscrewed it from the door and am taking it with me.—Kansas City Journal.

Texas Court Braves No Delay.
Prosecuting Attorney—Your honor, the bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible.

Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then. We can't adjourn court for a week just to hunt up a new Bible.—San Antonio Express.

Misleading Pronunciation?
"Who is that young man standing there by that horseless machine—the what d-d-y-e call it?"
"That's the shorer."

"The shorer? By gosh! Can he push such a heavy thing as that?"—Baltimore American.

Natural Uprising.

"Do you believe any one can bring about the levitation of tables by means of spirits?"

"Certainly, if they get to falling too heavily under them and try too hard to get up."—Baltimore American.

A Misnomer.

"Miss Flashlight is very fond of winter sports."

"Well, I would scarcely call Tommy Bingle a winter sport even if he does wear a red necktie and a green hat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sometimes Happens.

"Your mother looks much younger than she must be."

"Yes. That's the reason she kept me in kid's clothes till I was much older than I ought to have been."—Cleveland Leader.

That Would Do It.

Howell—Not a very brilliant fellow. Powell—No. If I were going to knock his brains out I shouldn't need any club bigger than a toothpick.—New York Press.

THE MASKED WOMAN

By ALICE T. SHERWIN

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During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell there appeared in one of the stalls for shops, as we would call them in the Royal Exchange, London, a masked woman who sold small articles, such as gloves, laces, neckwear and other goods, called by the Britons haberdashery.

One day the Marquis of Lorient, who since the defeat of the Cavaliers had kept himself away from London, passed that way. The estates of his father, the Duke of Eichelstone, had been forfeited on account of the family's adherence to King Charles I., and the marquis was in sad straits for a living. He stopped at the stall of the "masked woman," as she was universally known, and entered into conversation with her, pricing such articles as he saw on her counter. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, saying:

"I would fain buy of your goods, mistress, but I am without means."

"Select what you wish, sir, and pay when Charlie comes home."

Now, the term "when Charlie comes home" meant in those days "when Charles, eldest son of the beheaded king and legitimate heir to the throne, is recalled to assume his rights as sovereign of England."

"I see," said the marquis, "that you are a royalist. Mayhap you are, like myself, an impoverished noble."

"I am a royalist, but I am simply the masked woman making an honest living. These gloves would, I think, fit you. Will you let me try them on your hand?"

The marquis permitted her to try the gloves on him, but not with the expectation of buying them. He liked to feel her fingers on his own.

"There," she said when she had finished; "tis a perfect fit. Take them and pay, as I said, when Charlie comes home."

But the marquis stubbornly refused to accept credit, especially from a commoner, for the woman had said, "I am simply the masked woman," and he went away.

But there was something in the figure, the voice, the carriage of the masked woman that appealed to him in a way he could not account for. Wherever he went with him, waking or sleeping, he saw her moving about in her little booth and heard the sweet sounds of her voice.

So it was not long before he again found himself at her counter pretending that he came to look over her goods, though in reality he came to get another glimpse of her.

"What can I sell you this morning?" she said.

"Indeed, Mistress Masked Woman—I know not your name—I am loathing today, and I like to come here to see you sell your wares. I would that I could give you my custom; but, alas, I have none to give. The Roundheads have taken my all."

"Mayhap they have spent it for psalm books."

"What they have spent it for I know not, but this I know—it is hard for me, who have always had a sufficiency, to get on with nothing."

"May I sell you the gloves today?"
"Alas, I have no more the where-withal to pay for them than when I was here before."

The masked woman took up the gloves the marquis had tried on the day before, and making them into a packet, handed them to him.

"Would you give a poor woman pleasure?" she asked softly.

"I would not rob a poor woman," he replied, drawing back.

"I ask you to permit me to do you this favor."

There was that in her tone which appealed to him. He took the packet and kissed the hand that gave it.

The marquis was seen no more at the masked woman's stall after that for some time. Then one day he drove up in his carriage and purchased the whole stock of the masked woman. When she congratulated him on coming to his own he told her that a cousin had died and left him a legacy.

When the marquis drove away he did not take the stock with him, though he left the money for it. That was his last visit to the masked woman's stall, for soon after "Charlie came home." There was great rejoicing among the Cavaliers that after the rule of the Puritans the rightful king had returned from France. Then the masked woman disappeared from the exchange.

But the marquis thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. His estates were restored to him, but he was not satisfied, because he longed for her and knew not where to find her.

One evening he drove to a fete given by the king. The young dowager Duchess of Aberglid, whose husband had fallen in the late war, was present and approached the marquis.

"Have you still the gloves?" she asked archly.

The marquis recognized her voice as soon as she spoke. "I have," he replied, "but have never worn them. I hold them too precious to be used."

The duchess, having been cut off from her income during the protectorate, had the choice of emigrating to France and there being supported by the French king or earning her own living. She had chosen the latter alternative.

Before the marquis came into the dukedom he married the masked woman.

His Lesson in Golf.

A prominent business man not long since became afflicted with a bad case of "golitis"—that is, he joined the army of cranks at the game, wanted to play all the time, talk of nothing else, etc. As is the case with all "duffers," he had his troubles at the start, and the way he fired questions at his friends was a caution. His golf acquaintances accommodately replied with all sorts of remedies, until finally the bewildered one got his stenographer to jot them down. One friend's advice included three points—first, keeping the eye on the ball; second, the necessity of hitting the ball with an easy stroke, and, third, the use of a rocking-horse to develop the stroke. The fact that the friend had a keen sense of humor did not occur to the tyro until later. He immediately purchased a large rocking horse and after business hours seated himself astride the fiery charger and swung at the ball, which was securely fastened to the floor by a strong cord. He has learned a thing or two since. The hobbyhorse is no more, and he has vowed to get square with "Mr. Joker" if it takes a thousand years.—New York Tribune.

Subduing a Bully.

A writer in a Vladivostok paper tells of an encounter he once witnessed on a Siberian train between a lady and a nobleman.

When the train pulled up at Tsitkar, in Manchuria, a Manchurian noble who had bullied all his fellow passengers, alighted at the station restaurant after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat.

During his absence a smartly dressed young Russian lady entered the car and, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat. When the noble returned he flew into a passion and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining revolver.

"Do you take us for a pack of cowardly mandarins?" she exclaimed, and then, pointing to her feet, she remarked, "Here is your place, my hero."

The Manchurian noble surrendered and sat at her feet for the rest of the journey.

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in the Place Royale he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for sores and bala."

And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo."

It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.

Used the Wrong Gender.

A Frenchman with an imperfect knowledge of English was once called upon for an after dinner speech. He struggled along manfully for a few minutes, managing to turn one or two good phrases. Finally he excused himself from further effort by saying, "I will no longer cockroach on your time."

An Englishman sitting next to him at the table remarked: "Your speech was indeed clever, but Jove! But you used the wrong word at the close, don't you know. You should have said 'I will no longer hencroach upon your time.'"

"I see," said the Frenchman. "I used the wrong gender."—Exchange.

A Curious Stone.

A curious stone is the alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine luster, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the freelight one ignorant of this variety would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Husband (suddenly waking up at dead of night)—What in the world was that noise? Wife (calmly)—It's all right, dear. The guests of the Moneybags' ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbors would think we were there.—New York Journal.

He Found It Was.

Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by incising her in a folding bed. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner—Your honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.

The Rescue.

The Major—What's this I hear, David, about your nearly saving a man from drowning? David—I did save him from drowning, only the life buoy 'it' 'im on the 'ead and killed 'im.—London Tatler.

Did Not See It Before.

Miss Esau—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No; I think not. I have only worn it at a very few smart affairs this season.

A Line on Bjerkyns.

Lawson—What sort of man is Bjerkyns, anyway? Dawson—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

As It Might Have Been.

"Maria," said the choleric father of a beautiful daughter, "who was that young fool who called on you last night and stayed until midnight? I want to know at once."

"You shall know in due time," said Maria. "But first I want to know something. Was he a young fool because he called on me?"

"What?"
"Or was he a young fool because he thought me attractive enough to talk to until midnight?"

"Why?"
"I suppose you think that any young man who comes to this house at all is a young fool, but why?"

"Now, see here!"
"Is it because there are so many girls who have sensible fathers that any young man who calls on the daughter of an ill-natured old curmudgeon is a young fool?"

"For goodness' sake!"
"But I suppose—(sob)—I ought to—(gurgles)—be grateful—(sob)—because you didn't call him a fool to his face for coming to see me. I know you despise me (hoo-hoo-hoo), but—"

But Maria was talking to space. The choleric father had died to the cyclone cellar.—Sunday Magazine.

How Thoughtless.

The small son of an English family in this country attends public school. Recently he rushed angrily into his mother's presence with the tearful complaint that "they" had tried to make him believe the impossible story that British soldiers had been defeated by the Americans in some war. His mother explained the painful circumstance as gently as she could.

"And did the Americans really beat the British?" wailed the boy.

"Yes, my son."

The boy tore his hair and pounded the arm of the chair.

"How could they do it?" he demanded. "Why did the British soldiers let them? What could they have been thinking about?"—Circle.

Nie's Problems and Answers.

1. If a rabbit making his getaway up an icy hill jumps three feet and slips back four at every jump, how long will it take him to reach the free lunch counter?

2. If it takes six beers to make a man sing, how many highballs will it take to make him recite from Bobby Burns?

3. If 940,000 one dollar bills laid lengthwise will reach from Batavia to Geneva, how far will a two dollar bill go in a butcher shop?

Answers.—1. The hen will lay an egg and a half. 2. One boy sells ten apples and the other four. 3. Add one elephant, making a total of eighteen. That makes it divisible.—Chicago Tribune.

Bound to Recover.

Patient—Tell me candidly, doc, do you think I'll pull through?
Doctor—Oh, you're bound to get well! You can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of a hundred cases like yours 1 per cent invariably recovers. I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try! There's no humbug in statistics. —Lippincott's.

Threat of Compromise.

The brave knight's armor was becoming sharp and rough on the edges. "Ivanhoe," said his lady fair, "unless you have that iron suit of yours repaired or get a new one I shall apply for a divorce."

"In that case," he replied, "give me the rasp out of my carpenter kit and let me file the suit!"—St. Louis Star.

Wise Little Boys.

The uncle is telling the wise little boy a fairy tale.
"Then the princess came closer to the sleeping youth and kissed him on his lips."

"Gee," cried the wise little boy, "wasn't she afraid of germs?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curiosity Aroused.

Polite Salesman—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it if only for a curiosity.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Accommodating.

Janitor—Who was dat whistlin' down de tube?
Helper—Woman on de third floor wants more steam.

Janitor—Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit' de hammer.—Boston Herald.

Like All Men.

He—Darling, all I possess I lay at your feet.
She—You're just like all the men—you insist on putting things where a woman will have to pick them up after you. But I'll say yes, John.—Judge.

An Easy Way.

"Can you tell me how I can get to Pittsburg?" asked the sourette at the railroad ticket office.
"Sure," replied the agent. "Marry one of the Pittsburg millionaires!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Line on Bjerkyns.

Lawson—What sort of man is Bjerkyns, anyway?
Dawson—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—Somerville Journal.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



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